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Chaice Boetry,

MY BOY.

BY REV. JNO. PIERPONT.

I cannot make him dead! is ever bounding round my study chair: With tears, I turn to him, The vision vanishes—he is not there

I'm stopping toward the hall, To give the boy a call, And then bothink me that -he is not there!

I throud the crowded street, With the same beaming eyes and colored hair And, as he's running by, Pollow him with my eye, elleving that—he is not the

Closed are his eyes, cold his forebead fair; My hand that marble felt, O'er it in prayer I knelt, Yet my heart whispers that-he is not there.

cannot MANE him dead When passing by his bed, So long watched over with paternal care, My spirit and my ere Seek it inquiringly, Before the thought comes that—b

When, at the sool, gray break Of day, from sleep I wake, With my first breathing of the morning air. My soul goes up, with joy, To Him who gave my boy, Then comes the sad though that-he is not there

tefore we seek repose. I'm with his mother, offering up our prayer,
Whate'er I may be savine,

Not there?-Where, then, is he? The form I used to see The grave that now doth press Upon that cast-off dross, Is but his wardrobe looked—as is not there

He lives -- In all the past He lives; nor to the last, Of seeing him again will I despair; In dreame I see him now .

FATRER, thy chastening rod for help us, thise afflicted ones, to hear,

Mosting at thy right hand. Twill be our heaven to find that-un is young

CHILDREN IN MEAVEN

Who are they whose little fest, Pacing life's dark journey through, They had ever kept in view ? "I from India's outtry plain;" "I from Afric's barren sand ;" "I from Islands on the main."

All our earthly journer past,

Brery tear and pain gone by,

Here together meet as last,

At the portate of the sky,

Bach the welcome "Comu" awaits,

Conquerer e'er death and sin! Lift your heads, ye guiden gates, And let the little travelups in-

> ---A SUMMER MORNING SONG.

BY MARY BOWITT. The summer our is shining

Upon a world so bright The dew upon each gracey blade, The golden light, the dapth of shade, All seem as they were only made To minister delight.

From glant trees, strong branched, From little birds that madly sing. From insects futtering on the wing Are, from the very meanest thing. My spirit jay receives

I think of angel voices When the hirds' sungs I hear; fith jacinth, gold, and chryeolis When, with its blasing pomp of light. The merning doth appear

FALSE PHILOSOPHERS.

A fool will pass for such thro' one mistake ; While a fittlesopher will pass for such, Thre' end mistakes being ventured in the grees, And housed up to a system. (Mer. Browning

A MANUAL MANAGEMENT AND AND MANAGEMENT AND MANAGEME

Early Indiana Trials.

eader will excuse me for deferring my sketches of the House of Repre-sentatives, the Senate, the Supreme Court, and other matters at Washingsuch pretentions, and refer the public to the authentic history of the State

the newly hatched swan, were di- horse, won't you?" rected by nature to their proper elements, their proper profession. Few of them failed of success. Necessity urged to action. With most of them

and avocations in life, charged by the world to "bad luck," it is nothing more nor less than the selection of a

Simplest of one doubting, and he was not allowed to form, and the support of the street of the property of t

it was "root or die." In ninety-nine cases out of every bundred of the morning that you had been riding a fine and fat, and one day in that "I gums it up den."

[Allures in the different professions high horse lately." month, there came my neighbor, "He got snaked out. Yah

LETTER FROM FRANCIS GRASMUCK. Judge Elmore, and informed us that

world to "bad luck," it is nothing more nor less than the selection of a profession, avocation or business that nature never intended you for. The smallest teal, or duck, that a wims on the bosom of the Chesapeake Bay, would swim and drown in that element the best blooded and finest produced in her most chivarire days while in the oeakpit, the teal, or duck would be nowhere in the fight. Our counties furnished too little business for the resident attorneys; we all clooked to a circuit practice. Some rode the whole circuit, and others over but few counties. We sometime that the call of the counties we had a silving in the counties. We sometime the counties we had a silving in the counties. We sometime the counties would seem the counties. We sometime the counties would seem the counties are shad a silving in the counties. We sometime the counties would seem the counties are shad a silving in the counties. We sometime the counties are shad a silving in the counties. We sometime the counties are shad a silving in the counties. We sometime the counties are shad a silving in the counties are shad a silving in the counties. We sometime the counties are shad a silving in the counties are shad a silving in the counties. We sometime the counties are shad a silving in the counties are shad a silving in the counties. We sometime the counties are shad a silving in the counties are shad a silving in the counties. We some the united States soldiers, who took all the meat but the head that the matter but the head that the matter but the head. I could that five men soldiers of Counties of Counties of Counties of Counties and acquaintances. I like to see them again; I love them. I knower of love can never bloom in the mistor of type, cases and printing ink.

It was my fortune once to sojourn for a few days in the village of the counties the shock of the system of the second Presbyterian for a few days in the village of the counties of the second Presbyterian should be abovered that the sound should be countied to the produce of such preferations, and refer the public to the authentic history of the States by my valued friend John B. Dillom, Leading some matters that was a state of the s

semantic problem. The street of the property of the problems o

whom the higher seminaries and was in no way to blame, the judgment eyes, will you allow me to give my her dirty fingers, and inspecting it— myself for a moment, and I verily eyes, will you allow me to give my her dirty fingers, and inspecting it— myself for a moment, and I verily eyes, will you allow me to give my her dirty fingers, and inspecting it— myself for a moment, and I verily eyes, will you allow me to give my her dirty fingers, and inspecting it— myself for a moment, and I verily eyes, will you allow me to give my her dirty fingers, and inspecting it— myself for a moment, and I verily eyes, will you allow me to give my her dirty fingers, and inspecting it— myself for a moment, and I verily eyes, will you allow me to give my her dirty fingers, and inspecting it— myself for a moment, and I verily eyes, will you allow me to give my her dirty fingers, and inspecting it— myself for a moment, and I verily eyes, will you allow me to give my her dirty fingers, and inspecting it— myself for a moment, and I verily eyes, will you allow me to give my her dirty fingers, and inspecting it— myself for a moment, and I verily eyes, will you allow me to give my her dirty fingers, and inspecting it— myself for a moment, and I verily eyes, will you allow me to give my her dirty fingers, and inspecting it— myself for a moment, and I verily eyes, will you allow me to give my her dirty fingers, and inspecting it— myself for a moment, and I verily eyes, will you allow me to give my her dirty fingers, and inspecting it— myself for a moment, and I verily eyes, will you allow me to give my her dirty fingers, and inspecting it— myself for a moment, and I verily eyes, will you allow me to give my her dirty fingers. whom the higher seminaries and colleges were sealed books. Men gifted by nature with strong, vigorous, clear intellects, fine health, and ous, clear intellects, fine sound constitutions. Men who, like I get bigger, you'll let me ride your we would have suffered to a great ex- Adam got out ob Eden?" tent, if we had not been relieved by ... Well, I spose he climbed de fence, The devil fly away with such love." pendence, Mo., and Brookville, Ind. "No, dat's not it.

Spring came at last, and we thanked "Well, den he borrowed a wheel-God for all our relief. About Novem- barrow, and walked out."

month, there came my neighbor, "He got snaked out. Yah."

self, "this is love in a printing office, other urchins. The next morning when the editor came to the office, I rather calculate hattan money?" he found things a little topsy turvey.

However, that made no difference to.

me; for I had mizzled before daylight.

I bore the marks of that scene many

a day, and now whenever I see a lady

entering a printing office, I think of I once heard an old Jour remark little Mary, and keep my eye on the

"What's the reason-ain't it good?" " Yes." "Why don't you take it then?" "Can't get it."

Reader, it is "after harvest."

emn the thought that you promised to pay that little debt "after harvest" and you have not yet done it! Do you consider that In cause you have not fulfilled your promise your creditor can not fulfil his, and his creditor is delinquent also? Only think how many have waited till "after harvest," and Seminary, and for the past nine years pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church, Rodgersville, East Tennessee, was recently driven from his church in what you owe, your merchant could proconsequence of his course in regard to what he owes, and his creditor could pay his by his master, one Col. Netherland, an elder in his church. your word. Set that money affost, and we

to the head of the class, John—you'll be President of the United States some day."

Railroad men say that ladies are baggage, than men are. One states that instances occur almost every day, of gentlemen losing the trunks of ladies, who are under their charge; while he has never known a lade to lose her

ser"I say printer, do you take Man- far more careful and safe, in caring for